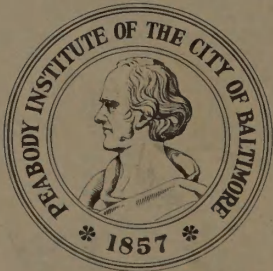
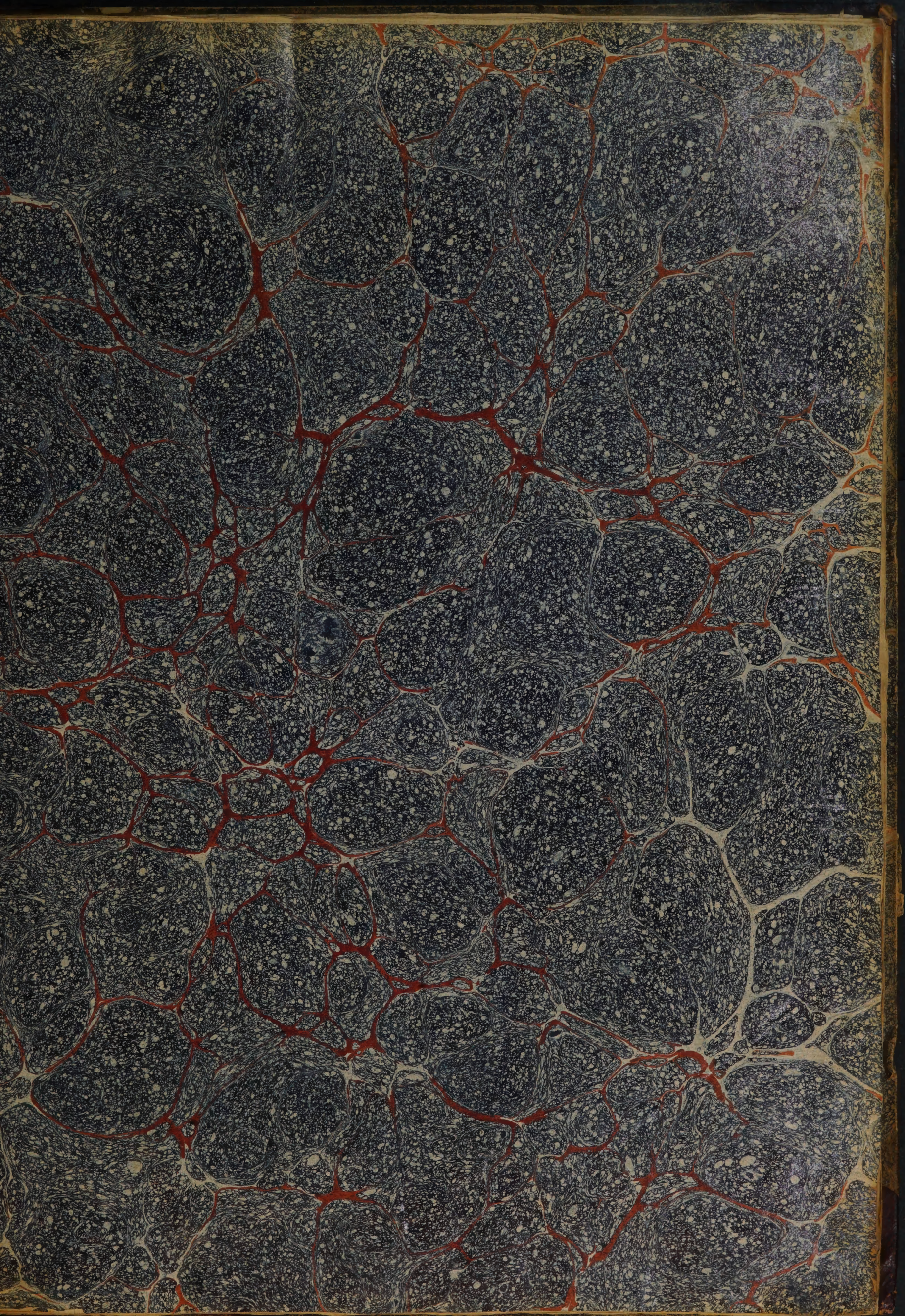


Sir John Smith, Bart.

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Drawn by Lady Diana Beauclerk

Published June 1. 1796 by E & S Harding Pall Mall.

J. Bartolozzi R.A. Sculp. 1796.

LEONORA.

TRANSLATED FROM

THE GERMAN

OF

GOTTFRIED AUGUSTUS BÜRGER,

BY

W. R. SPENCER, Esq.

WITH

DESIGNS

BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERC.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY;

FOR J. EDWARDS, AND E. AND S. HARDING, PALL MALL.

1796.

P R E F A C E.

THE Works of Mr. Burgher, the Author of this and many other Poems of the ballad kind, are universally esteemed, wherever the German language prevails as a national idiom, or is cultivated as a branch of education. Simplicity is the characteristic of his compositions; and of all literary beauties, simplicity must be the most generally attractive. It is no common merit to excel in a style which all understand, many admire, and but few can attain. To this merit Mr. Burgher has an undoubted claim; a claim our countrymen

P R E F A C E.

would be the first to allow, could they enjoy his expressions in their original purity, or his ideas in a faithful translation. No writer perhaps has ever obtained a more decided popularity. To this his subjects and his language equally contribute; for the former he has mostly chosen local traditions, or legendary anecdotes; and in the latter he is generally elegant, often sublime, and never unintelligible. Such qualifications ensure him the suffrage of every class of readers. The scholar and the moralist cannot refuse praise where they have found entertainment, without disgust to their taste, or danger to their principles; and the mechanic peruses with delight, sentiments suited to his feelings, imagery familiar to his mind, and precepts adapted to his practice.

One of the most powerful causes of Mr. Burgher's literary popularity, is the deep tinge of superstition that shades almost all his compositions.

P R E F A C E.

Supernatural incidents are the darling subjects of his countrymen. Their minds vigorously conceive, and their language nobly expresses, the terrible and majestic: and it must be allowed, that in this species of writing they would force from our nation the palm of excellence, were it not secured by the impregnable towers of Otranto. Of all their productions of this kind, Leonora is perhaps the most perfect. The story in a narrow compass unites tragic event, poetical surprise, and epic regularity. The admonitions of the Mother are just, although ill-timed. The despair of the Daughter at once natural, and criminal; her punishment dreadful, but equitable. Few objections can be made to a subject, new, simple, and striking; and none to a moral, which cannot be too frequently or too awfully enforced.

The Translator must apologise to those who are "*docti sermones utriusque linguæ*," for some de-

P R E F A C E.

viations from the original text. Mr. Burgher has repeatedly used words merely for sound, as 'trap, trap, trap,' for the trotting of an horse; and 'cling, cling, cling,' for the ringing of a door bell. These echos to the sense, which are strictly "*vox et preterea nihil*," custom may reconcile to a German taste; but, literally adopted in an English version, they would appear more ridiculous than descriptive. In general it is hoped, that, although many beauties may have been obscured, no essential meaning has been omitted or adulterated.

Between the completion of this Poem and its publication, which has been unavoidably delayed, as much time was required by the artists to do justice to those exquisite designs, which are its brightest ornament; an elegant version of the same ballad has been published by Mr. Pye. Had the Author of this translation foreseen the intentions of the Laureat, he would not probably have

P R E F A C E.

risked a contest with such a distinguished competitor; but, as he had long entered the field before Mr. Pye appeared as his adversary, he will not now shrink from a combat where doubtful victory must ensure applause, and even complete failure allow the consolation of “*Æneæ magni dextra cadit.*”

LEONORA.



LENORE.

LENORE fuhr um's Morgenroth
 Empor aus schweren Träumen:
 "Bist untreu, Wilhelm, oder todt?
 Wie lange willst du säumen?"—
 Er war mit König Friedrichs Macht
 Gezogen in die Prager Schlacht,
 Und hatte nicht geschrieben
 Ob er gesund geblieben.



LEONORA.

FROM visions of disastrous love
Leonora starts at dawn of day;
“How long, my Wilhelm, wilt thou rove?
Does death, or falsehood cause thy stay?”
Since he with godlike Frederick’s pow’rs
At Prague had foremost dar’d the foe,
No tidings cheer’d her lonely hours,
No rumour told his weal or woe.

Der König und die Kaiserinn,
Des langen Haders müde,
Erweichten ihren harten Sinn,
Und machten endlich Friede;
Und jedes Heer, mit Sing und Sang,
Mit Paukenschlag und Kling und Klang,
Geschmückt mit grünen Reifern,
Zog heim zu seinen Häusern.

Und überall all überall,
Auf Wegen und auf Stegen,
Zog Alt und Jung dem Jubelschall
Der Kommenden entgegen.
Gottlob! rief Kind und Gattinn laut,
Willkommen! manche frohe Braut.
Ach! aber für Lenoren
War Gruss und Kuss verlohren.

Empress, and King, alike fatigued,
Now bade the storm of battle cease;
Their arms relenting friendship leagued,
And heal'd the bleeding world with Peace.
They sing, they shout, their cymbals clang,
Their green wreaths wave, they come, they come;
Each war-worn Hero comes to hang
With trophies his long wept for home.

While from each bastion, tower, and shed,
Their country's general blessing showers;
Love twines for every laurel'd head,
His garland of domestic flowers.
How welcome husbands, sons, return'd!
What tears, what kisses greet the brave!
Alone poor Leonora mourn'd,
Nor tear, nor kiss, nor welcome gave.

Sie frug den Zug wohl auf und ab,
Und frug nach allen Namen;
Doch keiner war, der Kundschaft gab,
Von allen, so da kamen.
Als nun das Heer vorüber war,
Zerraupte sie ihr Rabenhaar,
Und warf sich hin zur Erde
Mit wüthiger Geberde.

Die Mutter lief wohl hin zu ihr:
"Ach, daß sich Gott erbarme!
Du trautes Kind, was ist mit dir?"
Und schloß sie in die Arme.
"O Mutter, Mutter! hin ist hin!
Nun fahre Welt und alles hin!
Bey Gott ist kein Erbarmen;
O weh, O weh mir Armen—!"

From rank to rank, from name to name,
 The fond inquirer trembling flew;
 But none by person or by fame,
 Aught of her gallant Wilhelm knew.
 When all the joyous bands were gone,
 Aghast she tore her raven hair;
 On the cold earth she cast her down,
 Convuls'd with frenzy and despair.

In haste th' affrighted mother flew,
 And round her clasp'd her aged arms:
 "Oh, God! her griefs with mercy view,
 "Oh, calm her constant heart's alarms!"
 "Oh, mother! past is past; 'tis o'er;
 "Nor joy, nor world, nor hope I see;
 "Thy God my anguish hears no more,
 "Alas, alas! Oh, woe is me!"

“ Hilf Gott, hilf! Sieh uns gnädig an!

Kind, bet' ein Vaterunser!

Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan;

Gott, Gott erbarmt sich Unser!”

“ O Mutter, Mutter! Eitler Wahn!

Gott hat an mir nicht wohlgethan!

Was half, was half mein Beten?

Nun ist's nicht mehr vonnothen.”

“ Hilf Gott, hilf! wer den Vater kennt,

Der weiß, er hilft den Kindern;

Das hochgelobte Sakrament

Wird deinen Jammer lindern.”

“ O Mutter, Mutter! was mich brennt,

Das lindert mir kein Sakrament!

Kein Sakrament mag Leben

Den Todten wiedergeben.”

" Oh, hear, great God! with pity hear!
 " My child, thy prayer to Heaven addrefs;
 " God does all well; 'tis ours to bear;
 " God gives, but God relieves diftrefs."
 " All truſt in Heaven is weak and frail;
 " God ill, not well, by me has done;
 " I pray'd, while prayers could yet avail;
 " Now prayers are vain, for Wilhelm's gone."

" Oh, ever in affliction's hour
 " The Father hears his children's cry;
 " His bleſſed ſacraments ſhall pour
 " True comfort o'er thy miſery."
 " Oh, mother, pangs like mine that burn,
 " What ſacrament can e'er allay?
 " What ſacrament can bid return
 " Life's ſpirit to the mouldering clay?"

“ Hör, Kind! wie, wenn der falsche Mann,
Im fernen Angerlande,
Sich seines Glaubens abgethan,
Zum neuen Ehebande?
Lass fahren, Kind, sein herz dahin!
Er hat es nimmermehr Gewinn!
Wann Seel' und Leib sich trennen,
Wird ihn sein Meineid brennen.”

“ O Mutter, Mutter! Hin ist hin!
Verlohren ist verlohren!
Der Tod, der Tod ist mein Gewinn!
O wär' ich nie geboren!
Lisch aus, mein Licht, auf ewig aus!
Stirb hin, stirb hin in Nacht und Graus!
Bey Gott ist kein Erbarmen:
O weh, o weh mir Armen!”

" But if, my child, in distant lands,
 " Unmindful of his plighted vows,
 " Thy false one courts another's bands,
 " Fresh kisses, and a newer spouse,
 " Why let the perjured rover go;
 " No blessings shall his new love bring,
 " And when death lays his body low,
 " Thy wrongs his guilty soul shall sting."

" My pangs no cure nor comfort crave;
 " Joy, hope, and life, alike I scorn;
 " My hope is death, my joy the grave,
 " Curs'd be the day that saw me born!
 " Sink, sink, detested vital flame,
 " Sink in the starless night of death:
 " Not God's, but Wilhelm's, darling name
 " Shall falter from my parting breath!"

“ Hilf Gott, hilf! Geh nicht ins Gericht
Mit deinem armen Kinde!
Sie weiß nicht, was die Zunge spricht:
Behalt’ ihr nicht die Sünde!
Ach, Kind, vergiß dein irdisch Leid,
Und denk an Gott und Seligkeit!
So wird doch deiner Seelen
Der Bräutigam nicht fehlen.”

“ O Mutter! Was ist Seligkeit?
O Mutter! Was ist Hölle?
Bey ihm, bey ihm ist Seligkeit,
Und ohne Wilhelm Hölle!
Lisch aus, mein Licht, auf ewig aus!
Stirb hin, stirb hin in Nacht und Graus!
Ohn’ ihn mag ich auf Erden,
Mag dort nicht selig werden.”

" Judge not, great God! this erring child,
 " No guilt her bosom dwells within;
 " Her thoughts are craz'd, her words are wild;
 " Arm not for her the death of sin!
 " Oh, child! forget thy mortal love,
 " Think of God's bliss and mercies sweet;
 " So shall thy soul, in realms above,
 " A bright eternal Bridegroom meet."

" Oh, mother! what is God's sweet bliss?
 " Oh, mother, mother! what is hell?
 " With Wilhelm there is only bliss,
 " And without Wilhelm only Hell!
 " O'er this torn heart, o'er these sad eyes,
 " Let the still grave's long midnight reign;
 " Unless my love that bliss supplies,
 " Nor earth, nor heaven can bliss contain."

So wüthete Verzweiflung
Ihr in Gehirn und Adern:
Sie fuhr mit Gottes Vorsehung
Vermessen fort zu hadern;
Zerschlug den Busen, und zerrang
Die Hand, bis Sonnenuntergang,
Bis auf am Himmelsbogen
Die goldnen Sterne zogen.

Und außen, horch! ging's trap trap trap,
Als wie von Rosseshufen;
Und klirrend stieg ein Reiter ab,
An des Geländers Stufen;
Und horch! und horch! den Pfortenring
Ganz lose, leise, klinglingling!
Dann kamen durch die Pforte
Vernehmlich diese Worte.

Thus did the demons of despair
Her wildered sense to madness strain,
Thus did her impious clamours dare
Eternal Wisdom to arraign.
She beat her breast, her hands she wrung,
Till westward sunk the car of light,
And countless stars in air were hung
To gem the matron weeds of night.

Hark! with high tread, and prancings proud,
A war horse shakes the rattling gate:
Clattering his clanking armour loud,
Alights a horseman at the grate:
And, hark! the door bell gently rings,
What sounds are those we faintly hear?
The night breeze in low murmur brings
These words to Leonora's ear.

“Holla, Holla! Thu auf mein Kind!

Schläfst, Liebchen, oder wachst du?

Wie bist noch gegen mich gesinnt?

Und weinstest oder lachst du?”

“Ach, Wilhelm, du? . . . So spät bey Nacht?

Geweinet hab’ ich und gewacht;

Ach, grosses Leid erlitten!

Wo kommst du hergeritten?”

“Wir satteln nur um Mitternacht,

Weit ritt ich her von Böhmen;

Ich habe spät mich aufgemacht,

Und will dich mit mir nehmen.”

“Ach, Wilhelm, erst herein geschwind!

Den Hagedorn durchläuft der Wind,

Herein, in meinen Armen,

Herzliebster, zu erwärmen!”

"Holla, holla! my life, my love!
 "Does Leonora watch or sleep?
 "Still does her heart my vows approve?
 "Does Leonora smile or weep?"
 "O Wilhelm, thou! these eyes for thee
 "Fever'd with tearful vigils burn;
 "Aye fear, and woe, have dwelt with me,
 "Oh! why so late thy wish'd return?"

"At dead of night alone we ride,
 "From Prague's far distant field I come;
 "'Twas late ere I could 'gin bestride
 "This coal black barb, to bear thee home."
 "Oh, rest thee first, my Wilhelm, here!
 "Bleak roars the blast through vale and grove;
 "Oh come, thy war-worn limbs to cheer
 "On the soft couch of joy and love!"

“ Laß sausen durch den Hagedorn,
Laß sausen, Kind, laß sausen!
Der Rappe scharrt; es klirrt der Sporn;
Ich darf allhier nicht hausen.
Komm, sebürze, spring’ und schwinde dich
Auf meinen Rappen hinter mich!
Mußs heut noch hundert Meilen
Mit dir in’s Brautbett’ eilen.

“ Ach! wolltest hundert Meilen noch
Mich heut in’s Brautbett’ tragen?
Und horch! es brummt die Glocke noch,
Die elf schon angeschlagen.”
“ Sieh hin, sieh her! der Mond scheint hell:
Wir und die Todten reiten schnell:
Ich bringe dich, zur Wette,
Noch heut ins Hochzeitbette.”

" Let the bleak blast, my child, roar on,
 " Let it roar on; we dare not stay:
 " My fierce steed maddens to be gone,
 " My spurs are set; away, away.
 " Mount by thy true love's guardian side;
 " We should ere this full far have sped;
 " Five hundred destined miles we ride
 " This night, to reach our nuptial bed."

" Our nuptial bed, this night so dark,
 " So late, five hundred miles to roam?
 " Yet sounds the bell, which struck, to mark
 " That in one hour would midnight come."
 " See there, see here, the moon shines clear,
 " We and the dead ride fast away;
 " I gage, though long our way, and drear,
 " We reach our nuptial bed to-day."

“ Sag an, wo ist dein Kämmerlein?

Wo? Wie dein Hochzeitbettchen?”

“ Weit, weit von hier! Still, kühl und klein!

Sechs Bretter und zwey Brettchen!”

“ Hat's Raum für mich?” “ Für dich und mich!

Komm, schürze, spring' und schwing' dich!

Die Hochzeitgasse hoffen;

Die Kammer steht uns offen.”

Schön Liebchen schürzte, sprang und schwang

Sich auf das Ross behende;

Wohl um den trauten Reiter schlang

Sie ihre lilienhände;

Und hurre hurre, hop hop hop!

Ging's fort in laufendem Galopp,

Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben,

Und Kies und Funken foben.



Drawn by Lady Diana Beauclerk

Published June 1. 1796. by E. & S. Harding Pall Mall.

Engraved by Harding

" Say where the bed, and bridal hall?
 " What guests our blissful union greet?"
 " Low lies the bed, still, cold, and small;
 " Six dark boards, and one milk white sheet."
 " Haft room for me?" " Room, room enow:
 " Come mount; strange hands our feast prepare;
 " To grace the solemn rite, e'en now
 " No common bridesmen wait us there."

Loose was her zone, her breast unveil'd,
 All wild her shadowy tresses hung;
 O'er fear confiding love prevail'd,
 As lightly on the barb she sprung.
 Like wind the bounding courser flies,
 Earth shakes his thundering hoofs beneath;
 Dust, stones, and sparks, in whirlwind rise,
 And horse and horseman pant for breath.

Zur rechten und zur linken Hand,
Vorbey vor ihren Blicken,
Wie flogen Anger, Haid' und Land!
Wie donnerten die Brücken!
"Graut Liebchen auch? Der Mond scheint hell!
Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!
Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?"
"Ach nein! Doch laß die Todten!"

Was klang dort für Gesang und Klang?
Was flatterten die Raben?
Horch Glockenklang! horch Todtenfang:
"Laßt uns den Leib begraben!"
Und näher zog ein Leichenzug,
Der Sarg und Todtenbaare trug:
Das Lied war zu vergleichen
Dem Ankenruf in Teichen.

How swift, how swift from left and right
 The racing fields and hills recede;
 Bourns, bridges, rocks, that cross their flight,
 In thunders echo to their speed.
 "Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;
 "Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!
 "The dead does Leonora fear?"
 "Ah, no; but talk not of the dead."

What accents flow, of wail and woe,
 Have made yon shrieking raven soar?
 The death bell beats! the dirge repeats,
 "This dust to parent dust restore."
 Blackening the night, a funeral train
 On a cold bier a coffin brings;
 Their flow pace measur'd to a strain
 Sad as the saddest night-bird sings.

“ Nach Mitternacht begrabt den Leib,
Mit Klang und Sang und Klage!
Jetzt führ' ich heim mein junges Weib:
Mit, mit zum Brautgelage!
Komm, Küßer, hier! Komm mit dem Chor,
Und gurgle mir das Brautlied vor!
Komm, Pfaff', und sprich den Segen,
Oh wir zu Bett' uns legen!”

Still Klang und Sang: Die Baare schwand:
Gehorsam seinem Rufen,
Kam's, hurre hurre! nachgerannt,
Hart hinter's Rappen Hufen.
Und immer weiter, hop hop hop!
Ging's fort in lausendem Galopp,
Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben,
Und Kies und Funken flogen.



A. M. D. C. C. L. X. V. I.

Publ. June 1st 1796 by E. & S. Harding Pall Mall.

Designed by Lady Damer Brunsford

" This dust to dust restore, what time
 " The midnight dew's o'er graves are shed;
 " Meanwhile of brides the flower and prime
 " I carry to our nuptial bed.
 " Sexton, thy fable minstrels bring!
 " Come, priest, the eternal bonds to bless!
 " All in deep groans our spoufals sing,
 " Ere we the genial pillow press."

The bier, the coffin, disappear'd,
 The dirge in distant echoes died,
 Quick founts of viewless steps are heard
 Hurrying the coal-black barb beside.
 Like wind the bounding courser flies,
 Earth shakes his thundering hoofs beneath;
 Dust, stones, and sparks in whirlwind rise,
 And horse and horseman pant for breath.

Wie flogen rechts, wie flogen links,

Gebirge, Baum' und Hecken!

Wie flogen links, und rechts, und links

Die Dörfer, Stadt' und Flecken!

“ Graut Liebchen auch? Der Mond scheint hell!

Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!

Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?”

“ Ach! Lass sie ruhn die Todten.”

Sieh da! sieh da! Am Hochgericht

Tanzt' um des Rades Spindel,

Halb sichtbarlich bey Mondenlicht,

Ein luftiges Gefindel.

“ Sasa! Gefindel, hier! Komm hier!

Gefindel, komm und folge mir!

Tanz' uns den Hochzeitreigen,

Wann wir zu Bette steigen!”

Mountains and trees, on left and right,
Swam backward from their aching view;
With speed that mock'd the labouring fight
Towns, villages, and castles flew.

“ Fear’st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;

“ Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!

“ The dead does Leonora fear?”

“ Oh leave, oh leave in peace the dead!”

See, where fresh blood-gouts mat the green,
Yon wheel its reeking points advance;
There, by the moon’s wan light half seen,
Grim ghosts of tomblefs murderers dance.

“ Come, spectres of the guilty dead,

“ With us your goblin morris ply,

“ Come all in festive dance to tread,

“ Ere on the bridal couch we lie.”

Und das Gesindel husch husch husch!

Kam hinten nachgeprasselt,

Wie Wirbelwind am Haselbusch

Durch dürre Blätter rasselt.

Und weiter, weiter, hop hop hop!

Ging's fort in laufendem Galopp,

Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben

Und Kies und Funken foben.

Wie flog, was rund der Mond beschien,

Wie flog es in die Ferne!

Wie flogen oben über hin

Der Himmel und die Sterne!

“ Graut Liebchen auch! Der Mond scheint hell!

Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!

Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?”

“ O weh! Lass ruhn die Todten!”



Drawn by Lady Diana Beauchamp.

Published June 1. 1796 by E. & S. Harding Pall Mall.

Engraved by Harding

Vol. 3. Chap. 2.

Forward th' obedient phantoms push,
Their trackless footsteps rustle near,
In sound like autumn winds that rush
Through withering oak or beech-wood here.
With lightning's force the courser flies,
Earth shakes his thund'ring hoofs beneath,
Dust, stones, and sparks, in whirlwind rise,
And horse and horseman pant for breath.

Swift roll the moonlight scenes away,
Hills chasing hills successive fly;
E'en stars that pave th' eternal way,
Seem shooting to a backward sky.
"Fear'st thou, my love? the moon shines clear;
"Hurrah! how swiftly speed the dead!
"The dead does Leonora fear?"
"Oh God! oh leave, oh leave the dead!"

“ Rapp’! Rapp’! Mich dünkt der Hahn schon ruft;
Bald wird der Sand verrinnen:
Rapp’! Rapp’! Ich wittre Morgenluft:
Rapp’! Tummle dich von hinnen!
Vollbracht, vollbracht ist unser Lauf!
Das Hochzeitbette thut sich auf!
Die Todten reiten schnelle!
Wir sind, wir sind zur Stelle.”

Rasch auf ein eisern Gitterthor
Ging’s mit verhängtem Zügel;
Mit schwanker Gert’ ein Schlag davor
Zersprengte Schloß und Riegel.
Die Flügel flogen klirrend auf,
Und über Gräber ging der Lauf:
Es blinkten Leichensteine
Rund um im Mondenscheine.

" Barb! barb! methinks the cock's shrill horn
 " Warns that our sand is nearly run:
 " Barb! barb! I scent the gales of morn,
 " Haste, that our course be timely done.
 " Our course is done! our sand is run!
 " The nuptial bed the bride attends;
 " This night the dead have swiftly sped;
 " Here, here, our midnight travel ends!"

Full at a portal's maffy grate
 The plunging steed impetuous dash'd:
 At the dread shock, wall, bars, and gate,
 Hurl'd down with headlong ruin crash'd.
 Thin, sheeted phantoms gibbering glide
 O'er paths, with bones and fresh skulls strewn,
 Charnels and tombs on every side
 Gleam dimly to the blood red moon.

Ha sieh! ha sieh! im Augenblick,
Huhu! ein gräßlich Wunder!
Des Reiters Koller, Stück für Stück,
Fiel ab, wie mürber Zunder,
Zum Schädel, ohne Zopf und Schopf,
Zum nackten Schädel ward sein Kopf;
Sein Körper zum Gerippe,
Mit Stundenglas und Hippe.

Hoch bäumte sich, wild schnob der Rapp',
Und sprühte Feuerfunken;
Und hui! war's unter ihr hinab
Verschwunden und versunken.
Geheul! Geheul ans hoher Luft,
Gewinsel kam aus tiefer Gruft.
Lenorens Herz, mit Beben,
Rang zwischen Tod und Leben.



Drawn by Lady Diana Beauderk.

Published June 1. 1868 by E. & S. Harding, Foll. Mill.

Engraved by Harding.

Plate 4. Page 13.

Lo, while the night's dread glooms increase,
All chang'd the wond'rous horseman stood,
His crumbling flesh fell piece by piece,
Like ashes from consuming wood.
Shrunk to a skull his pale head glares,
High ridg'd his eyeless sockets stand,
All bone his length'ning form appears;
A dart gleams deadly from his hand.

The fiend horse snorts; blue fiery flakes
Collected roll his nostrils round;
High rear'd, his bristling mane he shakes,
And sinks beneath the rending ground.
Demons the thundering clouds bestride,
Ghosts yell the yawning tombs beneath;
Leonora's heart, its life-blood dried,
Hangs quiv'ring on the dart of death.

Nun tanzten wohl bey Mondenglanz,
 Rund um herum im Kreise,
 Die Geister einen Kettentanz,
 Und heulten diese Weise:
 "Geduld! Geduld! Wenn's Herz auch bricht!
 Mit Gott im Himmel hadre nicht!
 Des Leibes bist du ledig;
 Gott sey der Seele gnädig!"

E N D E.



Published by E. & S. Harding Pall Mall July 1. 1796

Throng'd in the moon's eclipsing shade,
Of fiends and shapes a spectre crowd
Dance featly round th' expiring maid,
And howl this awful lesson loud:

“ Learn patience, though thy heart should break,

“ Nor seek God's mandates to controul!

“ Now this cold earth thy dust shall take,

“ And Heav'n relenting take thy soul!”

THE END.





Blake inv.

Perry. sc.

O! how I dreamt of things impossible,
Of Death affecting Forms least like himself;
I've seen, or dreamt I saw the Tyrant dress,
Lay by his Horrors, and put on his Smiles;

Treacherous he came an unexpected Guest,
Nay, though invited by the loudest Calls
Of blind Imprudence, unexpected still;
And then, he dropt his Mask.

Altered from Young.

L E O N O R A.

A TALE,

TRANSLATED AND ALTERED FROM THE

GERMAN

OF

GOTTFRIED AUGUSTUS BÜRGER.

~~~~~  
BY J. T. STANLEY, ESQ. F.R.S. &c.

==  
"Poetry hath Bubbles, as the water has :  
"And these are of them."—

~~~~~  
Does not th' idea of a God include
The notion of beneficent and good ;
Of one to mercy, not revenge inclin'd,
Able and willing to relieve mankind ?

==
A NEW EDITION.

~~~~~  
LONDON:  
PRINTED BY S. GOSNELL,  
FOR WILLIAM MILLER, OLD BOND STREET.

~~~~~  
1796.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

PRESENT EDITION.



THE favourable manner in which the translation of "Leonora," offered by me to the Public, has been received, I feel highly flattering, as a proof, my opinion of the work was not erroneous, when I thought it worthy being submitted to their perusal.

When the last Edition was nearly exhausted, I intimated to Mr. Stanley, (whom now I am allowed to name as the Translator of the poem,) my intention to re-publish it on a larger sized paper, accompanied by some new Engravings; he, in consequence, was pleased to send me, after an interval of some days, a

b

copy

copy of his Translation, much altered, and much enlarged, together with a letter, which, having his permission, as it states his reasons for deviating from the story originally related by Burger, I shall here insert.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I HAVE sent you, according to my
“ promise, a corrected copy of the translation of Burger’s Leonora.
“ Translation, indeed, I ought scarcely now to call it; for I have
“ so altered and added to the original, that the story in its English
“ dress, has acquired a character, altogether new and peculiarly
“ its own.

“ Since your first publication of the poem, I have often doubted
“ whether it was not calculated (as far as its effects could extend)
“ to injure the cause of Religion and Morality, by exhibiting
“ a representation of supernatural interference, inconsistent with
“ our ideas of a just and benevolent Deity.

“ It is of more importance than is generally believed, both to
“ human happiness and virtue, that the Being we adore should be
“ considered

“ considered as amiable and impartial, and not as either capricious
“ or morose. Obedience to his will should surely be procured
“ from men (if possible) by an appeal, rather to their affections,
“ than to their fears; but what opinion of either the kindness,
“ or justice of Providence, can be formed from the description of a
“ young girl exposed to the most cruel of all punishments,
“ abandoned to the malignity of every fiend of Hell let loose
“ for her destruction, only because in the first paroxysms of despair
“ and agony, for the supposed loss of a lover, thinking God
“ indifferent about her fate, she refused all comfort, and wished
“ for death.

“ Such reflections have tempted me to make the alterations I
“ have alluded to. I am, however, doubtful whether they will
“ be approved of by the public. Those who think the merit of
“ the Poem consists in its power of exciting terror, and who love
“ to retain the impression of such sentiments when once excited, will
“ probably condemn every deviation from the original, as preju-
“ dicial to its interests; but, on the other hand, many may pre-
“ fer it, as it will appear in your new Edition, who think
“ that the first object of all writing, particularly of all poetry, as
“ bearing

“ bearing the character of more studied composition, should be
“ to teach men clear ideas of justice and injustice, vice and
“ virtue.—They will be pleased to find the Almighty no longer
“ held out to their contemplation as an irritable and vindictive
“ ruler, ever watchful for offence, and prepared to punish ; but in-
“ stead, as the friend and affectionate parent, having but one interest
“ with his creatures, happy in their happiness, and associated to
“ their nature in the captivating forms of sympathy and love.

“ I am, dear Sir, truly your’s,

■ *Bolton-Row, April 15, 1796.*”

“ I. T. S.”

The Public will judge between the merits of the first, and this new publication of *Leonora*, and it remains with me only to express my hopes that no purchaser of the former edition will be displeased at the appearance of another so much altered, and to inform such as may be desirous of exchanging the one for the other, that I shall, at all times, be ready to obey their orders.

Old Bond-Street.

W. M.

PREFACE.

P R E F A C E.

THE following little Poem was translated by a respectable friend of the publisher, who, being favoured with a perusal, was much pleased with its wild originality; and he has thought himself fortunate in obtaining permission to lay it before the public.

The German author, conscious, perhaps, of the latitude he gives his imagination, was willing to shield himself under that liberty which poets are allowed the privilege of possessing: for the parody of the words

“ The earth hath bubbles, as the water has ;

“ And these are of them”——

which are placed as a motto to the title-page, is to be found in a preface to a collection of his works, published by him in his own

C

country :

country :—And were it not for these *bubbles*, which nature, in her lavish mode, sometimes permits to issue from the mind, poetry would be deprived of many of her most beautiful productions.

The Poem will be found, in many respects, to have been altered from the original ; but more particularly towards the conclusion, where the translator thinking the moral not sufficiently explained, has added several lines. The German poem concludes with a stanza, the literal meaning of which may be given in the following words:

Now in the moonshine, round and round,
Link'd hand in hand, the spirits fly ;
And as they dance, in howling sound,
Have patience ! patience ! loud they cry.
And ne'er with God in Heaven contend :
Though rack'd with sorrow, be resign'd,
Thy earthly course is at an end,
May God unto thy Soul be kind.

But in order to shew more clearly what have been the variations and additions, a few copies of the German text will be printed, which

which may be had, sewed up with the translation, by such as should be desirous of comparing the one with the other.

The success of some late publications has proved that the wild and eccentric writings of the Germans are perused with pleasure by the English reader. "Leonora" is certainly not void of that fire and energy for which their authors are celebrated: It is therefore submitted to the perusal of the public, with the hope that it will not be less favourably received.

W. M.

Old Bond-Street, Feb. 8, 1786.

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L E O N O R A .



“ A H, William ! art thou false or dead ? ”

Cried Leonora from her bed.

“ I dreamt thou’dst ne’er return.”

William had fought in Frederick’s host

At Prague, but what his fate—if lost

Or safe, she could not learn.

B

Hungaria’s

Hungaria's Queen, and Prussia's King,
Wearied, at length, with bickering,
 Resolv'd to end the strife ;
And homewards, then, their separate routs
The armies took, with songs and shouts,
 With cymbals, drum, and fife.

As deck'd with boughs they march'd along,
From ev'ry door, the old and young
 Rush'd forth the troops to greet.
" Thank God," each child and parent cry'd,
And " welcome, welcome," many a bride,
 As friends long parted meet.

They joy'd, poor Leonora griev'd :
No kifs she gave, no kifs receiv'd ;
 Of William none could tell ;
She wrung her hands, and tore her hair ;
Till left alone, in deep despair,
 Bereft of sense she fell.

Swift

Swift to her aid, her mother came,

“ Ah ! say,” she cried, “ in mercy’s name,

“ What means this frantic grief ?”

“ Mother, ’tis past—all hopes are fled,

“ God hath no mercy, William’s dead,

“ My woe is past relief.”

“ Pardon, O pardon, Lord above !

“ My child, with pray’rs invoke his love,

“ The Almighty never errs ;”

“ O, mother ! mother ! idle prate,

“ Can he be anxious for my fate,

“ Who never heard my prayers ?”

“ Be patient, child, in God believe,

“ The good he can, and will relieve,

“ To trust his power endeavour.”

“ O, mother ! mother ! all is vain,

“ What trust can bring to life again ?

“ The past, is past, for ever.

“ Who

“ Who knows, but that he yet survives ;
“ Perchance, far off from hence he lives,
“ And thinks no more of you.
“ Forget, forget, the faithless youth,
“ Away with grief, your sorrow soothe,
“ Since William proves untrue.”

“ Mother, all hope has fled my mind,
“ The past, is past, our God’s unkind ;
“ Why did he give me breath ?
“ Oh ! that this hated loathsome light
“ Would fade for ever from my sight,
“ Come, death, come, welcome death !”

“ Indulgent Father, spare my child,
“ Her agony hath made her wild,
“ She knows not what she does.
“ Daughter, forget thy earthly love,
“ Look up to him who reigns above,
“ Where joys succeed to woes.”

“ Mother,

“ Mother, what now are joys to me ?
“ With William, Hell a Heaven could be,
 “ Without him, Heaven a Hell.
“ Fade, fade away, thou hated light,
“ Death, bear me hence to endless night,
 “ With love all hope farewell.”

Thus rashly, Leonora strove
To doubt the truth of heavenly love.
 She wept, and beat her breast ;
She pray'd for death, until the moon
With all the stars in silence shone,
 And sooth'd the world to rest.

When, hark ! without, what sudden sound !
She hears a trampling o'er the ground,
 Some horseman must be near !
He stops, he rings. Hark ! as the noise
Dies soft away, a well-known voice
 Thus greets her list'ning ear.

C

“ Wake,

“ Wake, Leonora ;—dost thou sleep,
“ Or thoughtless laugh, or constant weep,
“ Is William welcome home ?”
“ Dear William, you !—return’d, and well !
“ I’ve wak’d and wept—but why, ah ! tell,
“ So late—at night you come ?”

“ At midnight only dare we roam,
“ For thee from Prague, though late, I come.”
“ For me !—stay here and rest ;
“ The wild winds whistle o’er the waste,
“ Ah, dearest William ! why such haste ?
“ First warm thee in my breast.”

“ Let the winds whistle o’er the waste,
“ My duty bids me be in haste ;
“ Quick, mount upon my steed :
“ Let the winds whistle far and wide,
“ Ere morn, two hundred leagues we’ll ride,
“ To reach our marriage bed.”

“ What,

“ What, William! for a bridal room,

“ Travel to night so far from home?”

“ Leonora, ’tis decreed,

“ Look round thee, love, the moon shines clear,

“ The dead ride swiftly; never fear,

“ We’ll reach our marriage bed.”

“ Ah, William! whither would’st thou speed,

“ What! where! this distant marriage bed?”

“ Leonora, no delay,

“ ’Tis far from hence; still—cold—and small:

“ Six planks, no more, compose it all;

“ Our guests await, away!”

She lightly on the courser sprung,

And her white arms round William flung,

Like to a lily wreath.

In swiftest gallop off they go,

The stones and sparks around they throw,

And pant the way for breath.

The

The objects fly on every side,
The bridges thunder as they ride;

“ Art thou my love afraid ?

“ Death swiftly rides, the moon shines clear,

“ The dead doth Leonora fear ?”

“ Ah, no!—why name the dead ?”

Hark ! as their rapid course they urge,

A passing bell, and solemn dirge ;

Hoarse ravens join the strain.

They see a coffin on a bier,

A priest and mourners too appear,

Slow moving o'er the plain.

And sad was heard the funeral lay ;

“ What the Lord gives, he takes away ;

“ Life's but a fleeting shade.

“ A tale that's told,—a flower that falls ;

“ Death, when the least expected, calls,

“ And bears us to his bed.”

Forbear,

“ Forbear ;”—imperious William cry’d,
“ I carry home, a beauteous bride,
 “ Come, to our marriage feast ;
“ Mourners, away, we want your song ;
“ And as we swiftly haste along,
 “ Give us your blessing, priest.

“ Sing on, that life is like a shade,
“ A tale that’s told, or flowers which fade ;
 “ Such strains will yield delight.
“ And, when we to our chamber go,
“ Bury your dead, with wail and woe ;
 “ The service suits the night.”

While William speaks, they silent stand,
Then run obedient to command.

But, on with furious bound,
The foaming courser forward flew,
Fire and stones his heels pursue,
Like whirlwinds dash’d around.

D

On

On right and left, on left and right,
Trees, hills, and towns flew past their fight,
As on they breathless prest ;
“ With the bright moon, like death we speed,
“ Doth Leonora fear the dead ?”
“ Ah ! leave the dead at rest.”

Behold, where in the moon's pale beam,
As wheels and gibbets faintly gleam,
Join'd hand in hand, a crowd
Of imps and spectres hover nigh,
Or round a wadded wretch they fly,
When William calls aloud :

“ Hither, ye airy rabble, come,
“ And follow till I reach my home ;
“ We want a marriage dance.”
As when the leaves on wither'd trees,
Are rustled by an eddying breeze,
The muttering sprites advance.

But,

But, soon with hurried steps, the crew
Rush'd prattling on, for William flew,
Clasp'd by the frightened fair:
Swifter than shafts, or than the wind,
While struck from earth, fire flash'd behind,
Like lightnings through the air.

Not only flew the landscape by,
The clouds and stars appear'd to fly.

" Thus over hills and heath
" We ride like death ; say, lovely maid,
" By moon-light dost thou fear the dead ?"
" Ah ! speak no more of death."

" The cock hath crow'd.—Away ! away !
" The sand ebbs out : I scent the day.
" On ! on ! away from here !
" Soon must our destin'd course be run,
" The dead ride swift,—hurrah ! 'tis done,
" The marriage bed is near."

High

High grated iron doors, in vain
Barr'd their way.—With loosened rein
 Whil'ft William urg'd the steed,
He struck the bolts ;—they open flew,
A church yard drear appear'd in view ;
 Their path was o'er the dead.

As now, half veil'd by clouds, the moon
With feebler ray, o'er objects shone,
 Where tomb-stones faint appear,
A grave new dug arrests the pair,
Cry'd, William, and embrac'd the fair,
 “ Our marriage bed is here.”

Scarce had he spoke, when, dire to tell,
His flesh like touchwood from him fell,
 His eyes forfook his head.
A skull, and naked bones alone,
Supply the place of William gone,
 'Twas Death that clasp'd the maid.

Wild,

Wild, snorting fire, the courser rear'd,
As wrapp'd in smoke he disappear'd,
 Poor Leonora fell;
The hideous spectres hover round,
Deep groans she hears from under ground,
 And fiends ascend from hell.

They dance, and cry, in dreadful howl,
“ She asks no mercy for her foul;
 “ Her earthly course is done.
“ When mortals, rash and impious! dare
“ Contend with God, and court despair,
 “ We claim them as our own.”

“ Yet,” thus was heard, in milder strains,
“ Call on the Lord, while life remains,
 “ Unite your heart to his ;
“ When Man repents and is resign'd,
“ God loves to soothe his suff'ring mind,
 “ And grant him future blifs.”

E

“ We

“ We claim as our’s, who impious dare
“ Contend with God, and court despair ;”

Again the spectres cry’d.

“ Fate threats in vain, when man’s resign’d,
“ God loves to soothe the suffering mind,”

The gentler voice reply’d.

Leonora, e’er her sense was gone,
Thus faint exclaim’d,—“ thy Will be done,

“ Lord, let thy anger cease.”

Soft on the wind was born the pray’r ;

The spectres vanish’d into air,

And all was hush’d in peace.

Now redd’ning tints the skies adorn,
And streaks of gold, proclaim the morn ;

The night is chas’d away.

The sun ascends, new warmth he gives,

New hope, new joy ; all nature lives,

And hails the glorious day.

No more are dreadful phantoms near ;
Love, and his smiling train, appear ;
 They cull each sweetest flow'r,
To scatter o'er the path of youth,
To deck the bridal bed, when Truth
 And Beauty own their pow'r.

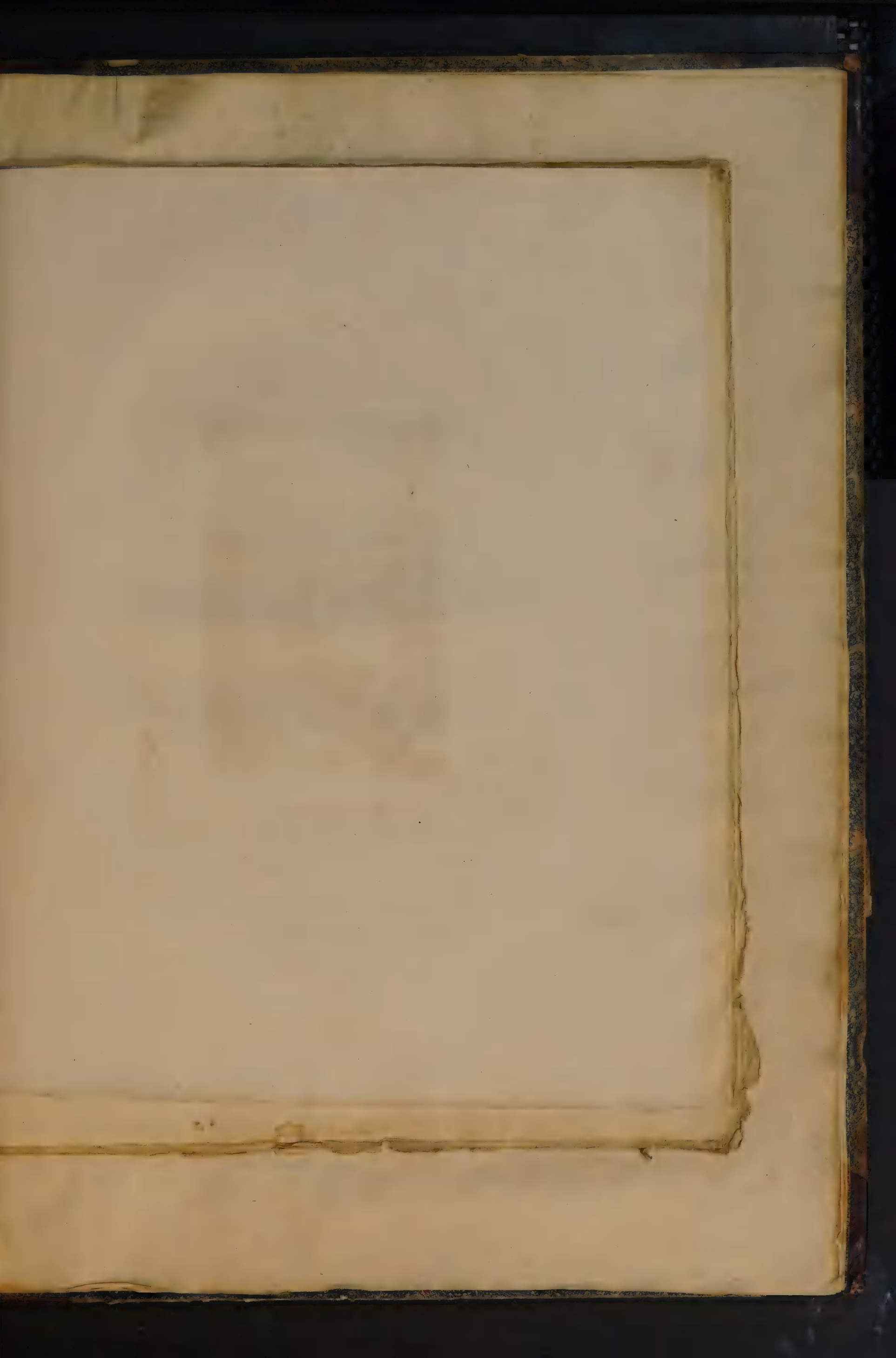
Ah,—could your pow'r avert the blast
Which threatens Blifs !—could passion last !
 Ye dear enchanters tell ;
What purer joy could Heaven bestow,
Than when with shar'd affection's glow,
 Our panting bosoms swell ?

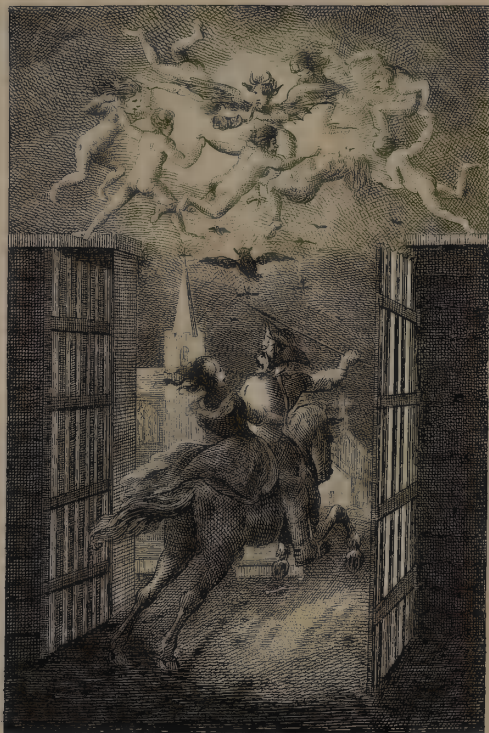
Sweet spirits ! wave the airy wand,
Two faithful hearts your care demand ;
 Lo ! bounding o'er the plain,
Led by your charm, a youth returns ;
With hope, his breast impatient burns ;
 Hope is not always vain.

Wake,

“ Wake, Leonora!—wake to Love !
“ For thee, his choicest wreath he wove ;”
Death vainly aim’d his Dart.
The Past was all a dream ; she woke—
He lives ;—’twas William’s self who spoke,
And clasp’d her to his Heart.







D. Christianus del.

Engraving.

Farpv nv pars
pic hafi allan gramir. *Edda Sa mundar.*

London. Printed for W. Miller, Old Bond Street.

L E N O R E.

E I N

G E D I C H T.

V O N

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

~~~~~  
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,  
Insidious *Death!* should his strong hand arrest,  
No composition sets the prisoner free,  
*Eternity's* inexorable chain  
Fast binds; and vengeance claims the full arrears.

YOUNG.

~~~~~  
L O N D O N :
GEDRUCHT BET S. GOSNELL.

~~~~~  
1796.







## L E N O R E.



LENORE fuhr um's Morgenroth  
Empor aus schweren Träumen:  
" Bist untreu, Wilhelm, oder todt?  
Wie lange willst du säumen?"  
Er war mit König Friedrich's Macht  
Gezogen in die Prager Schlacht,  
Und hatte nicht geschrieben:  
Ob er gesund geblieben.

B

Der



Der König und die Kaiferinn,  
Des langen Haders müde,  
Erweichten ihren harten Sinn,  
Und machten endlich Friede ;  
Und jedes Heer, mit Sing und Sang,  
Mit Paukenschlag und Kling und Klang,  
Geschmückt mit grünen Reifern,  
Zog heim zu feinen Häufern.

Und überall all überall,  
Auf Wegen und auf Stegen,  
Zog Alt und Jung dem Jubelschall  
Der Kommenden entgegen.  
Gottlob! rief Kind und Gattinn laut,  
Willkommen! manche frohe Braut.  
Ach! aber für Lenoren  
War Gruß und Kuß verlohren.

Sie frug den zug wohl auf und ab,  
Und frug nach allen Nahmen ;  
Doch keiner war, der Kundschaft gab,  
Von allen, so da kamen.  
Als nun das Heer vorüber war,  
Zerraupte sie ihr Rabenhaar,  
Und warf sich hin zur Erde,  
Mit wüthiger Geberde.

Die

Die Mutter lief wohl hin zu ihr:—  
„ Ach, daß sich Gott erbarme!  
Du trautes Kind, was ist mit dir?“—  
Und schloß sie in die Arme.—  
„ O Mutter, Mutter! hin ist hin!  
Nun fahre Welt und alles hin!  
Bey Gott ist kein Erbarmen.  
O weh, O weh, mir Armen!“—

„ Hilf Gott, hilf! Sieh uns gnädig an!  
Kind, bet' ein Vaterunser!  
Was Gott thut, das ist wolgethan.  
Gott, Gott erbarmt sich Unser!“—  
„ O Mutter, Mutter! Eitler Wahn!  
Gott hat an mir nicht wohlgethan!  
Was half, was half mein Beten?  
Nun ist's nicht mehr vonnöthen.“—

„ Hilf Gott, hilf! wer den Vater kennt,  
Der weiß, er hilft den Kindern.  
Das hochgelobte Sakrament  
Wird deinen Jammer lindern.“—  
„ O Mutter, Mutter! was mich brennt,  
Das lindert mir kein Sakrament!  
Kein Sakrament mag Leben  
Den Todten wiedergeben.“—

„ Hör,



„ Hör, Kind! wie, wenn der falsche Mann,  
Im fernen Ungerlande,  
Sich seines Glaubens abgethan,  
Zum neuen Ehebande?  
Lafs fahren, Kind, sein Herz dahin!  
Er hat es nimmermehr Gewinn!  
Wann Seel' und Leib sich trennen,  
Wird ihn sein Meineid brennen.“—

„ O Mutter, Mutter! hin ist hin!  
Verlohren ist verlohren!  
Der Tod, der Tod ist mein Gewinn!  
O wär' ich nie gebohren!  
Lisich aus, mein Licht, auf ewig aus!  
Stirb hin, stirb hin in Nacht und Graus,  
Bey Gott ist kein Erbarmen,  
O weh, O weh, mir Armen!“—

„ Hilf Gott, hilf! Geh nicht ins Gericht  
Mit deinem armen Kinde!  
Sie wiefs nicht, was die Zunge spricht.  
Behalt ihr nicht die Sünde!  
Ach, Kind, vergifs dein irdisch Leid,  
Und denk an Gott und Seligkeit!  
So wird doch deiner Seelen  
Der Bräutigam nicht fehlen.“—

„ O Mut-

„ O Mutter!—was ist Seligkeit ?  
O Mutter! Was ist Hölle ?  
Bey ihm, bey ihm ist Seligkeit,  
Und ohne Wilhelm Hölle!—  
Lisch aus, mein Licht, auf ewig aus !  
Stirb hin, stirb hin in Nacht und Graus !  
Ohn' ihn mag ich auf Erden,  
Mag dort nicht selig werden.“—

So wüthete, Verzweiflung  
Ihr in Gehirn und Adern.  
Sie fuhr mit Gottes Fürsichung  
Vermeffen fort zu hadern ;  
Zerschlug den Busen, und zerrang  
Die Hand, bis Sonnenuntergang,  
Bis auf am Himmelsbogen  
Die goldnen Sterne zogen.

Und auffen, horch! ging's trap trap trap,  
Als wie von Rosseshufen,  
Und klirrend stieg ein Reiter ab,  
An des Geländers Stufen ;  
Und horch! und horch! den Pfortenring  
Ganz lose, leise, klinglingling !  
Dann kamen durch die Pforte  
Vernehmlich diese Worte.

C

„ Holla



„ Holla, Holla! Thu auf mein Kind!  
Schläfst, Liebchen, oder wachst du?  
Wie bist noch gegen mich gefinnt?  
Und weineft oder lachft du?“—  
„ Ach, Wilhelm, du?—So spät bey Nacht?—  
Geweinet hab' ich und gewacht;  
Ach, großes Leid erlitten!  
Wo kommst du hergeritten?“—

„ Wir satteln nur um Mitternacht.  
Weit ritt ich her von Böhmen.  
Ich habe spät mich aufgemacht,  
Und will dich mit mir nehmen.“—  
„ Ach, Wilhelm, erst herein geschwind!  
\*Den Hagedorn, durchfaust der Wind,  
Herein, in meinen Armen,  
Herzliebfter, zu erwarmen!“—

„ Laß faufen durch den Hagedorn,  
Laß faufen, Kind, laß faufen!  
Der Rappe fcharrt; es klirrt der Sporn.  
Ich darf allhier nicht haufen.  
Komm, fchürze, spring' und fchwinge dich  
Auf meinen Rappen hinter mich!  
Muß heut noch hundert Meilen  
Mit dir in's Brautbett' eilen.

„ Ach

\* Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.

*Shakepear's King Lear, Act iii. Scene 4.*

„ Ach ! wolltest hundert Meilen noch  
Mich heut in's Brautbett' tragen ?  
Und horch ! es brummt die Glocke noch,  
Die elf schon angeschlagen."—  
„ Sieh hin, sieh her ! der Mond scheint hell.  
Wir und die Todten reiten schnell.  
Ich bringe dich, zur Wette,  
Noch heut ins Hochzeitbette."—

„ Sag an, wo ist dein Kämmerlein ?  
Wo ? Wie dein Hochzeitbettchen ?"—  
„ Weit, weit von hier !—Still, kuhl und klein !—  
Sechs Bretter und zwey Brettchen !"—  
„ Hat's Raum für mich ?"—„ Für dich und mich !  
Komm, schürze, spring' und schwing dich !  
Die Hochzeitgäste hoffen ;  
Die Kammer steht uns offen."—

Schön Liebchen schürzte, sprang und schwang  
Sich auf das Ross behende ;  
Wohl um den trauten Reiter schlang  
Sie ihre lilienhände ;  
Und hurre hurre, hop hop hop !  
Ging's fort in faufendem Galopp,  
Dafs Ross und Reiter schnoben,  
Und Kies und Funken stoben.

Zur



Zur rechten und zur linken Hand,  
Vorbey vor ihren Blicken,  
Wie flogen Anger, Haid' und Land!  
Wie donnerten die Brücken!  
„ Graut Liebchen auch?—Der Mond scheint hell!  
Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!  
Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?“—  
„ Ach nein!—Doch laß die Todten!“—

Was klang dort für Gefang und Klang?  
Was flatterten die Raben?  
Horch Glockenklang! horch Todtenfang:  
„ Laßt uns den Leib begraben!“  
Und näher zog ein Leichenzug,  
Der Sarg und Todtenbaare trug.  
Das Lied war zu vergleichen  
Dem Unkenruf in Teichen.

„ Nach Mitternacht begrabt den Leib,  
„ Mit Klang und Sang und Klage!  
„ Jetzt führ' ich heim mein junges Weib.  
„ Mit, mit zum Brautgelage!  
„ Komm, Küster, hier! Komm mit dem Chor,  
„ Und gurgle mir das Brautlied vor!  
„ Komm, Pfaff', und sprich den Segen,  
„ Eh wir zu Bett' uns legen!“—

Still

Still Klang und Sang.—Die Baare schwand.—  
Gehorsam seinem Rufen,  
Kam's, hurre hurre! nachgerannt,  
Hart hinter's Rappen Hufen.  
Und immer weiter, hop hop hop!  
Ging's fort in faufendem Galopp,  
Dafs Rofs und Reiter schnoben,  
Und Kies und Funken floben.

Wie flogen rechts, wie flogen links,  
Gebirge, Bäum' und Hecken!  
Wie flogen links, und rechts, und links  
Die Dörfer, Städt' und Flecken!—  
„Graut Liebchen auch?—Der Mond scheint hell!  
Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!  
Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten?“—  
„Ach! Laß sie ruhn die Todten.“—

Sieh da! sieh da! Am Hochgericht  
Tanzt' um des Rades Spindel  
Halb sichtbarlich bey Mondenlicht,  
Ein luftiges Gefindel.—  
Safa! Gefindel, hier! Komm hier!  
Gefindel, komm und folge mir!  
Tanz' uns den Hochzeitreigen,  
Wann wir zu Bette steigen!“—

D

Und



Und das Gefindel, hufch, hufch, hufch!  
Kam hinten nachgepraffelt;  
Wie Wirbelwind am Haselbusch.  
Durch dürre Blätter raffelt.  
Und weiter, weiter, hop hop hop!  
Ging's fort in faufendem Galopp,  
Dafs Rofs und Reiter schnoben  
Und Kies und Funken stoben.

Wie flog, was rund der Mond beschien,  
Wie flog es in die Ferne!  
Wie flogen oben über hin  
Der Himmel und die Sterne!—  
Graut Liebchen auch?—Der Mond scheint hell!  
Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!  
„ Graut Liebchen auch vor Todten ? ”—  
„ O weh! Laß ruhn die Todten ! ”—

„ Rapp'! Rapp'! Mich dünkt der Hahn schon ruft.  
Bald wird der Sand verrinnen—  
Rapp'! Rapp'! Ich wittre Morgenluft—  
Rapp' Tummle dich von hinnen!—  
Vollbracht, vollbracht ist unser Lauf!  
Das Hochzeitbette thut sich auf!  
Die Todten reiten schnelle!  
Wir find, wir find zur Stelle.”—

Rafch

Rasch auf ein eisern Gitterthor  
Ging's mit verhängtem Zügel;  
Mit schwanker Gert' ein Schlag davor,  
Zersprengte Schloß und Riegel.  
Die Flügel flogen klirrend auf,  
Und über Grüber ging der Lauf.  
Es blinkten Leichensteine  
Rund um im Mondenscheine.

Ha fieh! ha fieh! im Augenblick,  
Huhu! ein gräßlich Wunder!  
Des Reiters Koller, Stück für Stück,  
Fiel ab, wie muerber Zunder,  
Zum Schädel, ohne Zopf und Schopf,  
Zum nackten Schädel ward sein Kopf;  
Sein Körper zum Gerippe,  
Mit Stundenglas und Hippe.

Hoch bäumte sich, wild schnob der Rapp',  
Und sprühte Feuerfunken;  
Und hui! war's unter ihr hinab  
Verschwunden und versunken.  
Geheul! Geheul! aus hoher Luft,  
Gewinsel kam aus tiefer Gruft.  
Lenorens Herz, mit Beben,  
Rang zwischen Tod und Leben.

Nun



Nun tanzten wohl bey Mondenglanz,  
Rund um herum im Kreise,  
Die Geister einen Kettentanz,  
Und heulten diese Weise:  
, Geduld! Geduld! Wenn's Herz auch bricht!  
Mit Gott im Himmel hadre nicht!  
Des Leibes bist du ledig;  
Gott sey der Seele gnädig!"























